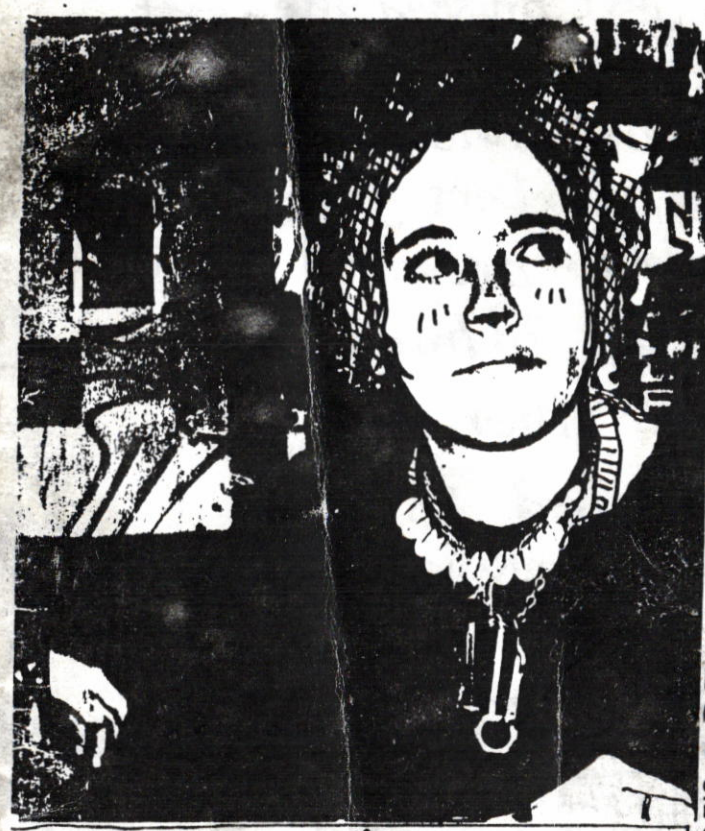


"THIS ISN'T THE LAST TIME i WILL FALL FROM GRACE i NEED TO BE SMALL BEFORE i CAN BE STRONG" -KAIA☆

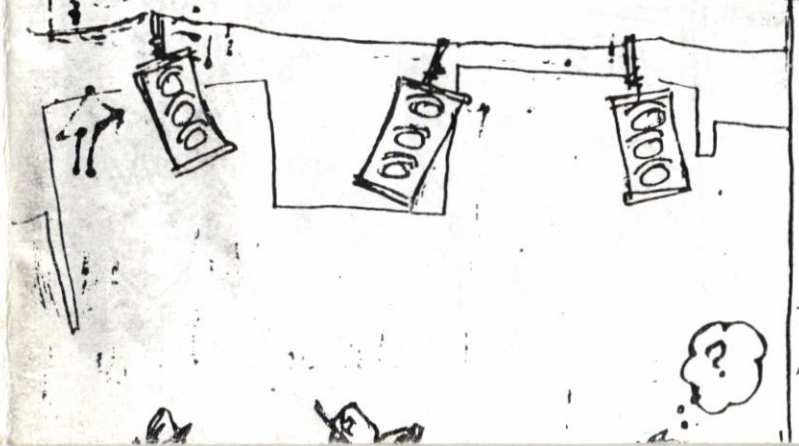


SPAZ #3

And then the street lights changed. i stood alone in the col blinking at the one-wa traffic sky line circus in grey and double-strike monotony everything stopping to watch as i crossed, wit a different stride than usual

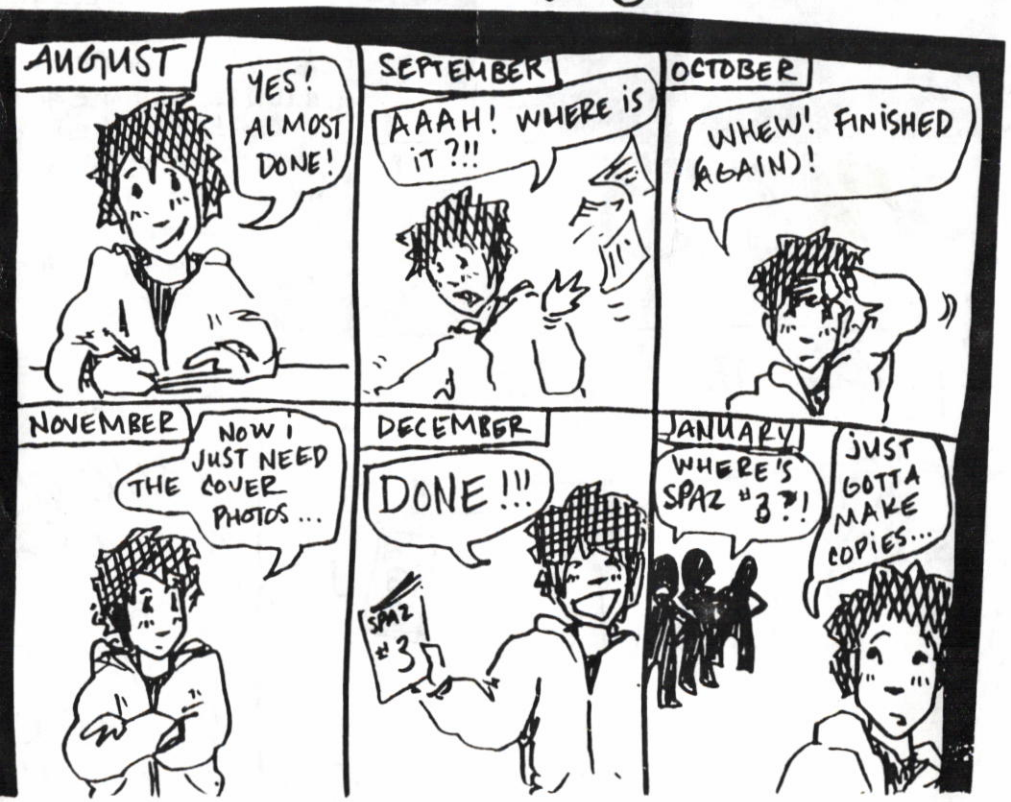
- strut, baby - because the world is watching. i waited, shorter than the city, and i laughed as the street lights changed. My fingers wrapped around the lifetime in my pockets flashing words in neon beauty... superficial callouse; just one girl in the brick-lined forest, trees within the fences - i peeked out from between the branches, dry, twisted, stretching...

...AND THEN THE STREETLIGHTS CHANGED.



WRITE to me at:
1628 FULMER ST.
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
48103

and i just finished the front and back covers for this issue. The table is covered in pens, markers, glue sticks, and other creative junk. The real introduction is over there ⇨ but i needed to put something on this page.



Credits & Thank yous:

EMILY TOOK THE COVER PICTURES (i SCRIBBLED ON THEM) @ The TribeB Show in Detroit
THE POSTCARDS ON PAGE 7 ARE FROM MATIE RESIST
QUOTES ARE CREDITED AS THEY GO

THANKS TO⇨ LINDSEY · MICHAEL · JOSH · both EMILY'S · THERESA · FRED · AYRON · MARK · MOM · DAD · JOE · CLARE (BUBBA the SNOT-FACE WITCH) · JARION · MAY · DAVE · SARAH (all of them) · JEAN · LYSSA · JENADA · JESA · MONICA · MAGGIE · TODD · KEVIN · CHUCK · GRIFF · LIZA · ANDREW · TOBY · BILL · TARA · MAT · JULES · ANGELA · BEC · PETER · FLEETWOOD · KINKO'S · FARLEY · KAREN · SHERI · ANDY · ARIANNA · GOD ☆

THANKS ALSO TO EVERYONE WHO READS THIS

ALRIGHT! i'M DONE! i SHOULD'VE SUB-TITLED THIS ISSUE "TEEN ANGST ON A STICK" BUT i DIDN'T. OH WELL, TOO BAD. AS USUAL, i GOT MORE OUT OF WRITING THIS THAN YOU PROBABLY WILL READING IT. ROCK ON!!!

- ♡ jeN





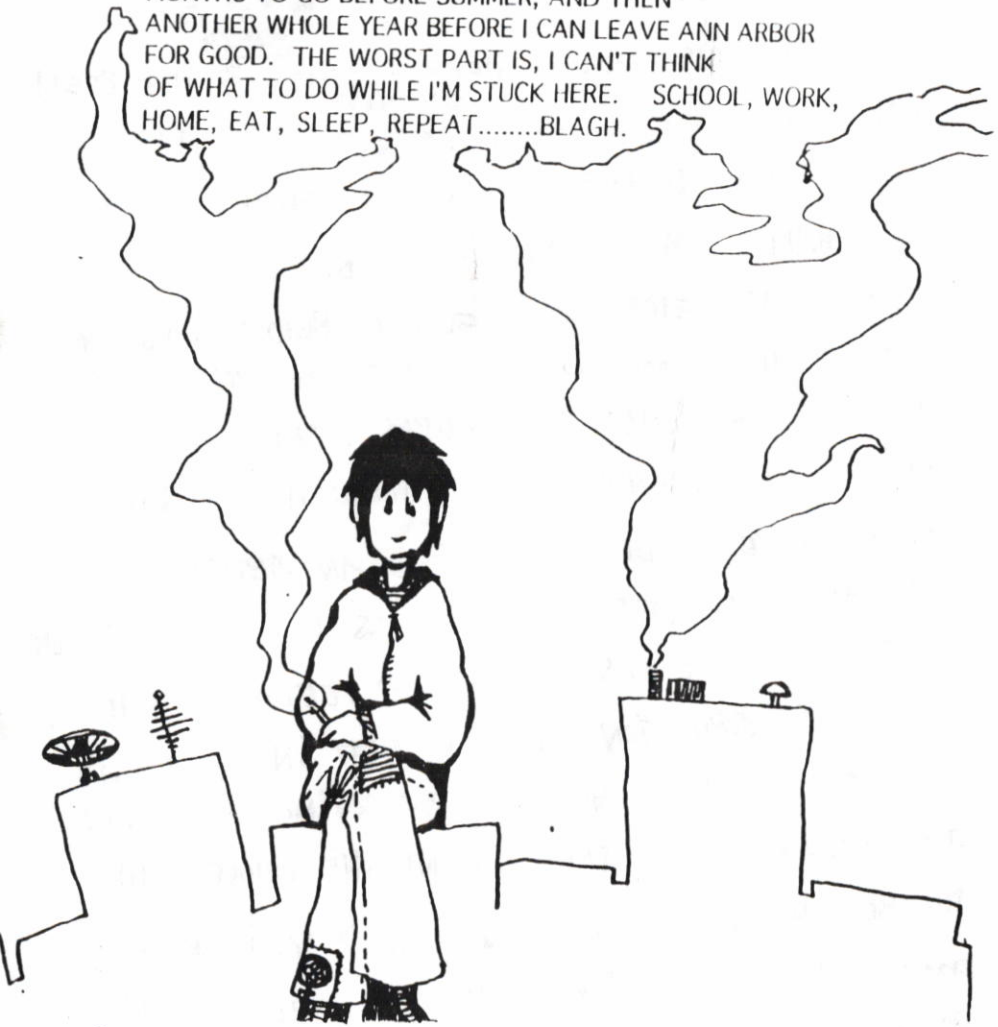
☆ INTRODUCTION ☆

STOP

ALRIGHT. IT'S FINALLY HERE — ISSUE #3. I'VE BEEN PROMISING IT FOR ABOUT ~~THREE~~ FIVE(!?) MONTHS. IT'S GOTTEN VERY DIFFERENT SINCE I STARTED... I GOT IT HALF DONE IN AUGUST '98 BUT I LOST IT, AND THAT WAS BEFORE MICHAEL LEFT; BEFORE A LOT OF OTHER STUFF, TOO. SO NOW INSTEAD OF JUST BEING SUMMER '98 TRAVELS/ADVENTURES, THERE'S A LOT OF GOODBYE STUFF, GETTING THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL, PLUS SOME QUEER ISSUES AND AN ARTICLE ABOUT SEXUAL BOUNDARIES/ASSERTIVENESS. I WANT TO THANK THE PEOPLE, PLACES, THINGS, AND FEELINGS THAT ARE MY INSPIRATION... I'LL DO THAT IN DETAIL AT THE END. ALSO, I GOT SICK OF TRYING TO FIX MY TYPEWRITER AND I DIDN'T WANT THE WHOLE THING TO BE HANDWRITTEN (#2, what? yeah...), SO I BROKE DOWN AND ACTUALLY USED THE COMPUTER. IS THAT PROGRESS OR CONFORMITY...? I DON'T KNOW. OH WELL. READ, ENJOY, WRITE ME

LISTENING TO MY SAPPY GRRRLMIX AND BEING REALLY CONFUSED. SAME OLD STORY---I MET THIS BOY...ETC....AWESOME GUY, SMART, WRITES GREAT LETTERS, VERY MUCH INVOLVED...

[redacted] YEAH. AND IT'S NOT REALLY THAT THAT'S BUGGING ME. IT'S MORE THAT I WONDER IF IT'LL ALWAYS BE LIKE THIS, Y'KNOW? IS EVERYONE WORTH FALLING IN LOVE WITH TAKEN? I DON'T EVEN THINK I'M READY FOR ALL OF THAT STUFF YET, BUT IF I AM I MIGHT NEVER KNOW IF I STICK AROUND HERE. IT'S JUST REALLY FRUSTRATING AND STUPID, AND I STILL HAVE TO SIT THROUGH SEVEN HOURS OF SCHOOL EVERY DAY, FINDING DUMB WAYS TO AMUSE MYSELFAND WONDERING; WILL I EVER ACTUALLY GET TO SEE WHAT ELSE THERE IS? I'VE GOT EIGHT MORE MONTHS TO GO BEFORE SUMMER, AND THEN ANOTHER WHOLE YEAR BEFORE I CAN LEAVE ANN ARBOR FOR GOOD. THE WORST PART IS, I CAN'T THINK OF WHAT TO DO WHILE I'M STUCK HERE. SCHOOL, WORK, HOME, EAT, SLEEP, REPEAT.....BLAGH.



ONCE BEFORE (WE BOTH SAW HIM AT THE SAME TIME, AND WE CIRCLED THE BLOCK CUZ HE WAS REEL PURDY, BUT HE WAS GONE.), AND THE SKINS AT THE OI COMPOUND, AND THESE TWO DUMB NEW-SCHOOL BOYS THAT SAID"FAGGOT"A LOT AND ONLY LISTENED TO RANCID. DON'T GET ME WRONG, I HAD A GOOD TIME. I WISH THAT I'D HAD SOMEONE THERE TO HANG OUT WITH AND ACTUALLY TALK TO, BUT THE SKINHEADS WERE FUN, AND (ON THE LAST DAY) I MET MATTE RESIST. THAT WAS PRETTY FUNNY. I WAS SITTING OUTSIDE OF ONE OF THE CONCERT TENTS AND THIS BOY RAN BY, THROWING ZINES AT EVERYONE. I DIDN'T GET ONE SO I STOPPED HIM WHEN HE WENT BY AGAIN, AND ASKED IF HE HAD ANY MORE. HE DID SO HE GAVE ME ONE, THEN HE ASKED ME WHO I WAS AND I SAID "JEN," AND THEN HE LOOKED AT ME REALLY FUNNY. "SHOULD I KNOW YOU?" I SAID I DIDN'T THINK SO, AND TOLD HIM WHAT ZINE I DO, MEAN WHILE BOTH OF US WERE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT IF WE'D MET BEFORE. WE FINALLY AGREED THAT WE DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER. LATER THAT NIGHT, I GAVE HIM THE VERY LAST COPY OF SPAZ#1 AND THEN I DIDN'T SEE HIM AGAIN. WE TOOK OFF EARLY THE NEXT MORNING. THE RIDE HOME WAS A LITTLE MORE FUN, BUT I WAS SAD BECUZ I ONLY GOT A COUPLE OF ADDRESSES OUT OF ABOUT TEN OR FIFTEEN PEOPLE THAT I WANTED TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH. I THINK NEXT YEAR WILL BE MORE FUN BECUZ I'LL KNOW SOME PEOPLE, AND I'M DEFINITELY GONNA DRAG MICHAEL AND JOSH AND ANYONE ELSE WHO'LL GO WITH ME.



THIS IS KINDA WHAT C-FEST LOOKED LIKE, EXCEPT THERE WAS MORE MUD, AND MORE TENTS & PEOPLE.

I WENT TO CORNERSTONE THIS SUMMER FOR THE FIRST TIME. CORNERSTONE IS THIS 4-DAY MUSIC FEST IN ILLINOIS IN A BIG FIELD. THEY HAVE ALL DIFFERENT KINDS OF CHRISTIAN BANDS, WORKSHOPS, LECTURES, FOOD AND A LOT OF PEOPLE IN TENTS. THIS COUPLE FROM MY CHURCH DROVE ME AND MY BROTHER AND SOME OTHER KIDS THAT I DIDN'T KNOW. I WAS CRANKY BECAUSE I WAS UP LATE WATCHING MOVIES WITH SHANNON, CHRISTINA, GINA, CHUCK, AND NATHAN AT THE BLACK LABEL HOUSE, AND MY NOSE HURT BECUZ I TRIED TO PUT ANOTHER RING IN IT, BUT SHANNON WAS DRUNK AND SHE PUSHED IT THROUGH CROOKED SO I HAD TO TAKE IT OUT. ANYWAY, I WAS CRANKY AND TIRED, AND THE GUY DRIVING SAID WE COULDN'T LISTEN TO ANY MUSIC THAT WASN'T CHRISTIAN AND MY WALKMAN WAS BROKEN, SO I SLEPT ALMOST THE WHOLE WAY THERE. WE STOPPED AT A GAS STATION IN INDIANA, AND I GOT A "BEST OF THE 80'S" TAPE FOR ME, PLUS A DOLLY PARTON LIVE TAPE FOR LINDSEY. WHEN WE GOT THERE WE SET UP CAMP (REALLY FAR AWAY FROM ANY OF THE STAGES BECAUSE THERE WAS NO ROOM ANYWHERE ELSE). I GOT MY OWN TENT CUZ I WAS THE ONLY GIRL IN THE GROUP. I ENDED UP NOT SLEEPING THERE MOST OF THE TIME ANYWAY BECUZ I FORGOT TO ZIP THE TENT AND EVERYTHING GOT ALL WET AND BUG INFESTED. IT WAS KINDA WIERD, SINCE I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE THERE EXCEPT MY BROTHER, AND I'D NEVER EVEN HEARD OF "CHRISTIAN PUNK" SO I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT BANDS TO GO SEE. THE ONLY TALK THAT LOOKED INTERESTING WAS THE QUEER ONE, AND THAT GUY HAD CANCELED. SO I JUST SORT OF WANDERED AROUND OR SAT BY THE SKATE RAMP, SMOKED, AND READ, AND WROTE A LITTLE BIT. I TRIED TO MEET PEOPLE, BUT FOR THE MOST PART THEY BLEW ME OFF. I'D GIVEN AWAY EVERY COPY OF SPAZ AND MY COMIC BOOK IN COLUMBUS, SO I DIDN'T HAVE AN EXCUSE TO GO UP TO PEOPLE. I REMEMBER TRYING TO START A CONVERSATION WITH SOME BOY BY SAYING "YOUR HAIR IS AWESOME" (HE HAD FOOT-TALL LIBERTY SPIKES) AND HE JUST SAID "YEAH." AND WALKED AWAY--AFTER GIVING ME A "YOU-MUST-BE-THE-DUMBEST-GIRL -IN-THE-WHOLE-UNIVERSE" LOOK. (I GUESS I'M JUST NOT PUNK ENUF) BUT THEN I MET JOSH,*



* Not Sweeny or Sanchez- there's too many Joshes. I met about 200 Joshes this summer.

I TOLD MAT IN A LETTER THAT IF YOU EITHER SMILE OR CRY EVERY TIME YOU THINK OF THE PERSON YOU LOVE, IT'S WORTH IT. AND JUST WRITING THIS AND REMEMBERING EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU, I AM SMILING THOUGH MY TEARS; I FEEL YOU IN MY GUT. AND I KNOW YOU'RE COMING BACK REALLY SOON, BUT THREE DAYS FROM NOW ISN'T WHEN I'M CRYING. I WANT YOU TO BE HERE WHEN I MISS YOU MOST, HALF EXPECTING TO HEAR YOU AT THE WINDOW, GRINNING AND FULL OF ADVENTURE. I MISS DRIVING THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE AT TWO IN THE MORNING. I MISS COOKING AND DANCING AND MIDNIGHT ON THE PORCH WITH TOM WAITTS IN THE BACKGROUND. I MISS WOODCHUCK CIDER AND TRYING TO CATCH YOUR ROOMMATE'S CAT. I MISS WAKING YOU UP TO GO GET BREAKFAST, I MISS EATING DUMPSTERED BREAD ON TOP OF THE HARDWARE STORE. I MISS DIRTY JOKES AND OUR FORT UNDER THE TRAINBRIDGE. I MISS THE WAY YOU SMELL AND THAT STUPID GUINEA PIG NOISE YOU MAKE WHEN YOUR THROAT ITCHES, I MISS SEWING PATCHES AND YELLING PRINCE SONGS OUT THE WINDOW AND CRYING BECAUSE WE BOTH HATE THIS LAME-ASS TOWN. I MISS FLYERING AND SILK- SCREENING AND MAKING ZINES AND RIDING DOUBLE ON YOUR BIKE--SCREAMING WHEN WE ALMOST RAN OVER FRAT-BOYS. I MISS SWINGING ON THE ROPE SWING BEHIND THE FACTORY ON FIRST STREET. I MISS HOPPING THE 3:00 A.M. TRAIN AND GETTING OFF AT THE RIVER BECAUSE WE'VE GOTTA GO TO SCHOOL IN THE MORNING. I MISS MAKING TAPES AND LEAVING NOTES IN YOUR CAR, I MISS CALLING TO SAY "I LOVE YOU"

I MISS YOU....



i Remember being in Kalamazoo for Grrl fest, and going nuts becuz i couldn't find a coffee shop that was open, so me and Andy and Ray walked to this pizza place. i only had a dollar, so i found half of a cheese pizza in the trash— still warm and in the box. i ate the whole thing and i guess this old couple was watching and making faces the entire time, and they got up and left it was funny.

Maybe you had to be there...

Religion is mostly Bullshit, but still. There's more to it than that, and by writing off a huge religious group as bigots in front of 400 people, you tend to make the people who would like to consider themselves at least in part connected to that religion very uncomfortable. OK., so because i believe in God / Jesus etc. i can't be part of this or that scene, or because i'm Queer and i'm part of this or that scene i can't accept Jesus in my life. Yeah, that's really open-minded. "We accept everyone, as long as they're just like us." Screw the scenes and cliques and sects. Everyone's got a long way to go in the line of respect. it's hard to find a place where yer you and people love you for it...

♀ plus ✝ plus Ⓐ plus ☽ plus △Q = Ⓔ = idealism

i've got some political/personal/social issues to write about. when i went to More Than Music Fest in Columbus, Ohio, i had a sort of eye-opening experience pertaining to how much we all need to learn about tolerance and open-mindedness. i was camping with my family a few miles from downtown Columbus, and they were gonna drop me off before they went home. But we all overslept. So i got into town at about 2 or 2:30, hoping to catch the big queer march/rally, but i missed it. i went to the talk about it later, and i guess there were some people from the Christian Right there, protesting the rally, and some kids started throwing stuff and taking their signs. At the talk all these kids kept getting up and saying stuff like "fuck the Christians" and "i hate Christians, they're all a bunch of bigots." I had to leave the room. i didn't say <u>anything</u>. i should've gotten up and said something, but i didn't. i mean,

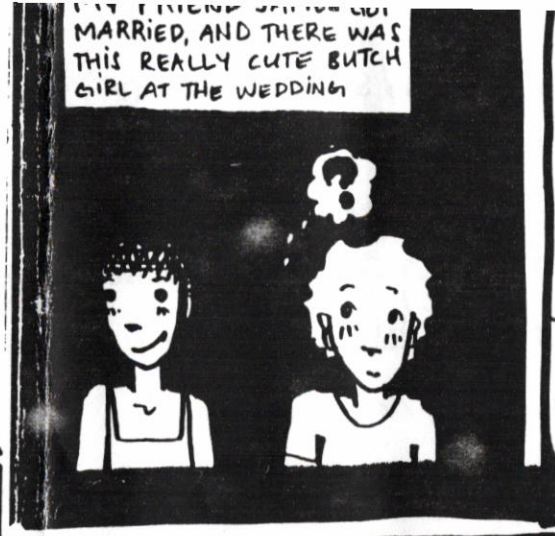
I'VE GOT COFFEE AND SOME CANDY, HALF A PACK OF CIGARRETTES, AND I FEEL LIKE I DON'T NEED ANYTHING ELSE. I FEEL RICH BUT I'VE GOT 47 CENTS--- THAT'S IT----IN MY POCKET. I GOT SOME BOOKS AT THE LIBRARY THAT I'VE BEEN MEANING TO READ FOR A LONG TIME, THE AIR LOOKS KIND OF HAZEY AND LEAVES ARE FALLING EVERYWHERE. THE KIND OF PICTURE THAT YOU DON'T EVER WANT TO FORGET BUT IT ALL RUNS TOGETHER IN THE END. IT REMINDS ME OF AN AFTERNOON BIKE RIDE THROUGH DOWNTOWN COLUMBUS...BUT NOW I'M SITTING ON THE U OF M DIAG, IN ONE OF THOSE LITTLE BUSH-TOWER THINGS, BREATHING THE SMELL OF WOOD THAT'S BEEN OUTSIDE FOR OVER A YEAR, AND TRYING TO READ "THE DHARMA BUMS". BUT I CAN'T CONCENTRATE BECAUSE EVERY TIME SOMEONE WALKS BY I LOOK UP TO SEE IF I KNOW THEM. AND SOMETIMES I DO--CHRISTSINA, ARIANNA, RYAN, ANDY--- BUT IT'S MOSTLY THE USUAL COLLEGE KIDS, YUPPIES, A FEW LEERING DIRTY OLD MEN. I'M WAITING TO SEE THE DIRTIEST, CRUSTIEST, PROBABLY SMELLIEST, AND MOST BEAUTIFUL BOY OF MY DREAMS, BUT THAT'S FICTIONAL. PRACTICING SMOKING LIKE GRIFF, SO THE SMOKE BLOWS OUT OF MY MOUTH WITH QUICK, EFFORTLESS FORCE IN ONE LONG LINE. ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE CLOUDS LEAVE AND EVERYONE IS BRIGHTER AND I CAN REALLY SEE THE FALL COLORS. OF COURSE, I'M IN THE SHADE OF MY BUSH-TOWER-HUT-THING AND NOBODY CAN SEE ME UNLESS THEY'RE AT THE RIGHT ANGLE, AND THEY NEVER LOOK UP ANYWAY. THEY MISS SO MUCH---SOME STARE STRAIGHT AHEAD, SOME WATCH THEIR FEET WALKING, BUT THEY MISS UP AND THE SIDES. I'M HAPPY AND SAD AND INSPIRED ALL AT ONCE, BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY AREN'T SEEING, AND WHAT I AM SO PRIVILEGED TO HAVE NOTICED IS SO BEAUTIFUL.

"Whoa, it's tommorrow! i just realized that it's been a day since i last woke up!"

-Lyssa

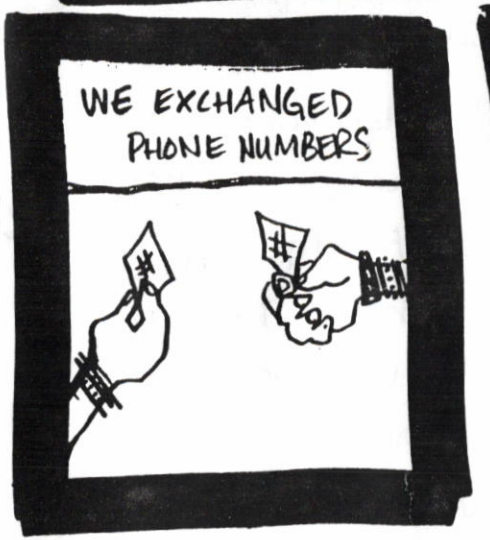

RESIST


WILL YOU BE A COG IN THE
MACHINE ?
OR A WRENCH IN
THE WORKS ?


MARRIED, AND THERE WAS
THIS REALLY CUTE BUTCH
GIRL AT THE WEDDING


WE TALKED FOR A WHILE
AND SHE WAS A BIKE
MESSENGER IN CHICAGO
DYKES ON BIKES!


heh heh heh!
WE DECIDED THAT A CHRISTIAN WEDDING
WAS A BAD PLACE FOR 2 GIRLS TO SLOW-DANCE.


WE EXCHANGED
PHONE NUMBERS


"CALL me, if you're
ever in chicago,"
she said. So, should i
not call if i'm here?

"Nothin like a cold bottle of corporate sludge in the evening!"



-Emily

"Cuz you can DO me ib you want to!"

-MICHAEL

"He owns a bunch of reseraunts and says 'fuck' a lot."

-Jean

"i camp with my tent facing Sodom"

-Ayron

But do not be afraid of greatness; some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness forced upon them."

-SHAKESPEARE

SHOPPING with Josh

O.K. i've only gone shopping with Josh a few times but it's usually pretty interesting.

• i went grocery shopping w/Josh when he lived at 1117 and we got in a big fight over who got to push the cart and all these moms were yanking their kids outta the way.

• we went to Meijers to get some stuff one time and he threw some pens at me so i chased him and he forgot to buy tortillas so we had to go back. (There's a recurring theme of violence)

• Most recently we went record player shopping (becuz Josh's record player is crappy). The sales guy was kinda fanatic and weird, but he said we should come back with some of our own records, so the next week we went back with Crass, Hickey, Screeching Weazle, etc. The guy kept talking to both of us even though

when we did that Josh pulled out my hair. This time he hit me in the head w/his High School Ring and i got a bruise.

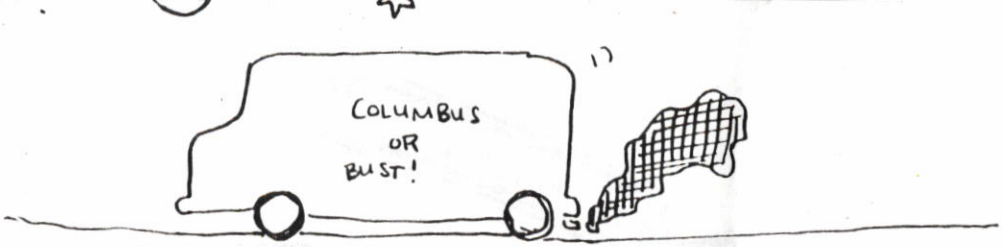
BY WHO'S STANDARDS?

SITTING IN MY WINDOWSILL WATCHING SMOKE GO THROUGH THE TREES OUTSIDE MY ROOM, AND IT'S HERE AGAIN. THE FEELING THAT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT. THE FEELING THAT IF I DON'T GET OUT OF HERE SOON, I WILL GO NUTS. IN A BAD WAY. THE FEAR OF BEING LEFT BEHIND, AFRAID OF MISSING OUT ON EVERYTHING THAT I WANT TO BE A PART OF. THE FEELING THAT THERE'S NO ONE LEFT. THE POINT AT WHICH I CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO. AND WHEN THE WORDS I HEAR MOST OFTEN ARE "I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU." WILL I MAKE IT OUT BEFORE I'M SO USED TO FAILURE THAT I DON'T EVEN TRY? AND CAN YOU EVER GO FAR ENOUGH AWAY.....DO YOU EVER GET TO THE PLACE WHERE YOU AREN'T TRAPPED? OR MAYBE AFTER A WHILE EVERYWHERE FEELS LIKE THAT.

"i never Let SCHOOL Get in the way of My education"

-Mark Twain





RIDING IN THE BACK OF A BIG SMELLY VAN. WE MADE UP GHOST STORIES AND MOONED THE PEOPLE BEHIND US. WE IMAGINED WHAT WAS IN THE FEILDS AND CITIES THAT WE PASSED, SHARED COFFEE, CIGARRETTES, AND LICORICE. WE FELL ASLEEP, WOKE UP AND DID CARTWHEELS IN THE GAS STATION. WE SANG LOUD WITH THE RADIO, WE PLAYED CARDS AND DREW PICTURES AND WROTE SONGS, AND ONCE AGAIN, WE MADE PLANS. WE PLANNED FOR THE DAY THAT WE CAN LEAVE AND NOT LOOK BACK, WHEN WE CAN GO TO THE MOON, OR MAYBE JUST TO CHICAGO... WHO KNOWS? THE DAY THAT I CAN GO WITH YOU EVERY TIME YOU LEAVE---WHEN NOBODY GETS LEFT BEHIND. THAT NIGHT WE SMILED AND HELD HANDS, AND YOU DON'T LAUGH AT ME WHEN I SUCK MY THUMB. I LOVE YOU LIKE MY IMAGINARY FREIND, AND WHEN YOU ARE REAL, YOU LOVE ME ,TOO. WE SWORE THE END WOULD NEVER COME, WE SAID THAT SOMEDAY WILL BE HERE SOON. WE DID. RIDING THROUGH THE LONELY IN A BIG SMELLY VAN.





LIBERTY MEADOWS



JUDGE PARKER By

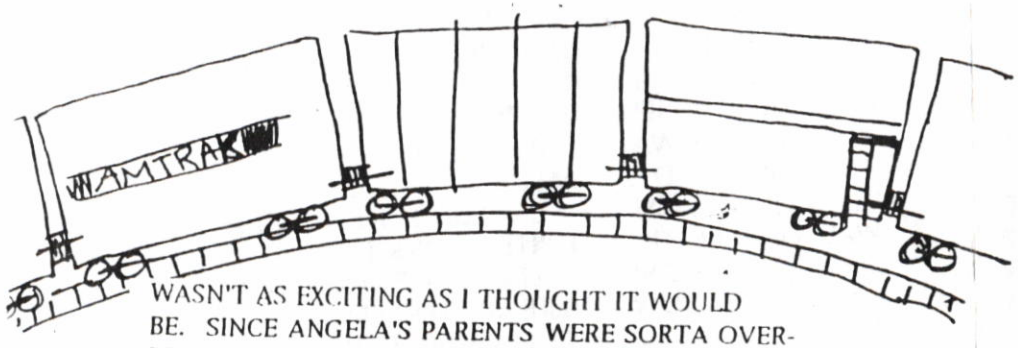


FAMILY BUT THE TRAIN RIDE HOME WAS THE BEST PART OF THE TRIP, SO I'M GONNA STICK THAT IN INSTEAD. I GOT ON THE TRAIN IN PITSBURG AT ABOUT 11:30 PM., AND I WASN'T TIRED AT ALL, SO I WENT DOWN TO THE SMOKING CAR TO SEE WHO WAS THERE. (THE DINING CAR WAS CLOSED). I GOT IN A CONVERSATION WITH THIS OLDER GUY FROM CHICAGO ABOUT MUSIC AND THE TREND OF SUB-CULTURES. IT TURNED OUT THAT HE PLAYED GUITAR, TOO, AND HE LIKED BLUEGRASS. I HAD MY 12-STRING WITH ME, SO I WENT AND GOT IT. WE TRADED SONGS ALL NIGHT; SOMETIMES HE PLAYED AND I LISTENED, SOMETIMES I PLAYED AND HE LISTENED, I SANG OR PLAYED MY HARMONICA, AND HE HUMMED ALONG IN A LOW SCRATCHY VOICE. IT WAS GREAT (HE SAID I'D BE THE NEXT JOAN JETT AND I ALMOST PEED ON MYSELF). SO THEN HE TOLD ME STORIES ABOUT ALL THE PEACE MARCHES HE USED TO GO TO IN TH 60'S AND 70'S, AND ABOUT HOW THE HIPPIE MOVEMENT USTA BE ABOUT MORE THAN SMOKING POT AND EATING GRANOLA. WE AGREED THAT ALL SUB-CULTURES EVENTUALLY BECOME TRENDS,SO IT'S UP TO EACH GENERATION TO CREATE SOMETHING, SOME PURPOSE ASIDE FROM STRAIGHT A'S, ORGANIZED SPORTS, AND TELEVISION (THE THREE UNNECESSARY EVILS) THAT'S NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE....IT WAS A GOOD NIGHT. AT AROUND 4:30 AM., I DECIDED TO GO BACK TO MY SEAT AND WAIT THERE UNTIL WE GOT TO TOLEDO. THE TRAIN WAS SUPPOSED TO GET IN AT 5:00, SO I STUCK THE GITS IN MY WALKMAN, AND I FIGURED I COULD STAY AWAKE FOR HALF AN HOUR. BUT OH NO, I FELL ASLEEP. AND 45 MINUTES LATER THE PORTER SHOOK ME AWAKE, SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT MY MOTHER AND "YOU FELL ASLEEP AGAIN!"(I GUESS HE'D TRIED TO GET ME UP WHEN THE TRAIN FIRST GOT IN TO THE STATION, BUT I WAS WAY OUT.) I FOUND MY MOM, WHO, BEING THE WONDERFUL WOMAN THAT SHE IS, DROVE ME HOME AND I SLEPT FOR THE NEXT DAY AND A HALF. THE END

"And anchovies will turn to dust!"
-Philip Whalen

PITSBURG AND RIDING THE TRAIN (all by myself!)

I WENT TO PITSBURG TO VISIT MY FRIEND ANGELA, WHO I MET ON MY MISSION TRIP TO WESTFIELD THIS SUMMER, [redacted]. I LEFT THE PLANNING UNTIL THE VERY LAST POSSIBLE MINUTE (AS IN THE NIGHT BEFORE), SO IT WAS A LITTLE HECTIC. BUT I GOT TICKETS FOR A TRAIN THAT LEFT FROM TOLEDO AT ONE IN THE MORNING. MY PARENTS DROVE ME TO THE TRAIN STATION (BECAUSE THEY'RE AWESOME) AND THEN LEFT. IT TURNED OUT THE TRAIN WAS THREE HOURS BEHIND SCHEDULE. I STOOD OUT CONSIDERABLY AND MY BOOTS SQUEAKED REALLY LOUD WHICH MADE IT SORT OF EMBARASSING EVERY TIME I WENT TO THE [redacted] BATHROOM (AND THAT WAS PRETTY OFTEN CUZ I WAS NERVOUS). BUT THEN I STARTED TALKING TO THIS HARDCORE KID ABOUT FOOD NOT BOMBS (I WAS SKETCHING FLYERS), AND IT TURNED OUT THAT HE WAS IN COLUMBUS AT THE SAME TIME THAT I WAS, BUT I SLEPT THROUGH THE QUEER MARCH, AND HE DIDN'T HAVE MONEY TO GET INTO 'MORE THAN MUSIC' FEST, SO WE BASICALLY MISSED EACH OTHER BY ABOUT AN HOUR. MY TRAIN PULLED UP THEN, AND I SLEPT THROUGH MOST OF THE RIDE EXCEPT THE LAST 45 MINUTES. BEING IN PITSBURG



WASN'T AS EXCITING AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE. SINCE ANGELA'S PARENTS WERE SORTA OVER-PROTECTIVE AND SUSPICIOUS, THEY DIDN'T LET US WALK AROUND IN THE CITY, BUT THEY DROVE US AROUND---PITSBURG IS PRETTY COOL-LOOKING, EVEN FROM A CAR WINDOW. ANGELA IS AWESOME, AND I SHOULD WRITE ABOUT HER

Sexual Boundaries/Assertiveness

Last year Sheri Gumption taught a class at CHS called "Practical Femenism". It was an amazing class, and one of the things we learned about was how to be assertive (as opposed to being aggressive) —how to draw lines without being "bitchy." The exercises were hard to do seriously because we all knew each other, and it's hard to tell someone you've showered with not to touch your leg. But Sheri pointed out that it's hardest to say no to your friends because you don't want to hurt their feelings. And i knew what she meant, but i'd never really experienced that kind of problem. i mean, yeah, i've been hit on by my friends at drunken parties and shows, but never anything physical or uncomfortable. But this summer, i had an experience that helped me to <u>really understand</u> i won't go into detail, but basically, i messed around with this guy and things went a <u>lot</u> farther than i was comfortable with. And the way the situation was, i felt obligated to do certain things, even though i didn't want to. i didn't say no, but he didn't really ask. i told him i wasn't interested in fucking him. He must have thought that i meant everything <u>else</u> was ok. i felt like i owed him <u>something</u> because he'd expected to get laid, and that didn't happen. He assumed i was comfortable and i let him assume

And i could blame him for not asking and for not reading the signs to see that i wasn't interested. But at the same time, i could blame myself for not stopping it before it went that far. It's not really the kind of thing where one person is at fault. After it happened i went on vacation with my family. i threw up at The Mystery Spot because some random guy asked me how old i was. i got physically sick whenever i thought about sex or guys or anything related. And whenever something upset me, my stomach hurt. i yelled at my dad and my brother and at anyone who tried to hug me at school. in some ways that was good because it forced me to separate myself from people for a while, and i did really well in school then. But i eventually had to start dealing with it because my mom thought i was doing drugs or something. This was just a few months ago and i'm starting to be able to control my physical reactions to emotions. But this is why it's so important to be strong in your convictions, and learn how to be assertive and uncompromising in the boundaries you set about sex, or even just smoochin'. it's really hard...



←RUNNING AWAY→

I USED TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME A LOT. I WENT TO THE PARK MOST TIMES, AND SOMETIMES TO THE PATH BY THE SETTLEMENT POND. BOTH OF THESE PLACES ARE LESS THAN A BLOCK AWAY FROM MY HOUSE. LATELY THOUGH, WHEN I RUN AWAY FROM HOME, I JUST CLIMB ONTO THE ROOF OF MY HOUSE. I FIGURE I COULD LIVE UP THERE FOR MONTHS WITHOUT ANYONE NOTICING. SURE, IT'D BE COLD IN THE WINTER, BUT I COULD SNEAK IN THE HOUSE AND GET FOOD AND BLANKETS..... OF COURSE, I USUALLY JUST SMOKE A COUPLE CIGARETTES, FUME FOR A LITTLE WHILE, AND GO INSIDE WHEN I'M THROUGH BEING MAD OR ANTI-SOCIAL, OR WHATEVER. IT'S A GOOD PLACE. ONE TIME ME & LINDSEY WERE GONNA REALLY RUN AWAY--HITCH HIKE OUT WEST TO PORTLAND, AND CHECK OUT THE WEST COAST. WE GOT INFORMATION ABOUT FARMS THAT WE COULD WORK ON FOR ONE OR TWO WEEKS AT A TIME, ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY. WE SENT LETTERS TO ANYONE WE KNEW ON THE WAY THERE. WE WROTE GOODBYES AND COLLECTED OUR PAYCHECKS. BUT THEN LINDSEY SAID SHE COULDN'T GO, CUZ SHE WAS SICK. I GOT MAD, BUT I THINK I WAS SECRETLY GLAD SHE CALLED IT OFF. I KNOW I CAN'T LEAVE NOW. THERE ARE TOO MANY THINGS THAT I HAVEN'T FINISHED HERE, LIKE...UM, HIGH SCHOOL? I'LL SETTLE FOR THE ROOF.